

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

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Helen Sees Something of the Weakness and Brutality of Another Woman's Husband

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"You mustn't repeat such things," reproved Helen sharply. "That can't be true!"



Mabel H. Urner.

"Their maid told me herself, ma'am. She said they're tryin' to keep anybody from knowin' it—they're afraid it'll get in the papers."

When did it happen—what time last night?"

"She said around one o'clock. He'd been drinkin' and didn't know what he was doin'."

"Oh, I didn't think Mr. Colburn drank," murmured Helen regretfully. "And she's so young and pretty."

"Rosie—that's their maid—said he lost a sight of blood 'fore they could get a doctor. She said she came down to the laundry 'fore daylight to wash out the sheets and things—so nobody'd know. They've got a nurse now and they're tellin' everybody that he was just taken sick."

"There's your kitchen bell, Emma," interrupted Helen hastily, feeling that she was encouraging the girl to talk.

"It's Rosie, Mrs. Colburn's maid, ma'am," Emma returned with the air of one bearing an important message. "She wants to speak to you."

Wonderingly, Helen went out to the kitchen where the girl was waiting.

"Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Colburn wants to know if you can come up for a few moments? Mr. Colburn's been taken very sick."

"Why, yes, of course! Tell her I'll be up right away."

Without waiting to change her morning gown, Helen slipped over it a long coat.

Her heart beat fast as with a shrinking dread she now entered their apartment. Even the hall was permeated with a strong smell of antiseptics.

She was met by a trained nurse, a capable, but severe-looking woman, whose rigid white uniform only emphasized her austerity.

"I've been trying to persuade Mrs. Colburn to sleep, but she insisted on sending for you. She says she knows no one else here. Will you come into her room?"

The room was close and overheated. The blinds were drawn and a single shaded light glowed on the dressing table. Mrs. Colburn, with an embroidered Japanese robe over her nightgown, was sitting on the edge of the bed.

She started up as Helen entered, with an excited, breathless, "I want you to help me! Help me to keep this out of the papers! A reporter just phoned—I told him it wasn't true—but he didn't believe me. Can your husband stop the story? If he'll stop it in his paper—"

"His paper?" repeated Helen blankly.

"Why, yes—the Star! They told me he was the managing editor."

"No—no, the initials are the same—W. E. Curtis—but he's not even a relative."

"Oh!" It was like a wall of despair as she sank back on the bed.

"I'm so sorry," murmured Helen. "But we don't know anyone on any of the papers." Then hesitatingly: "Is Mr. Colburn seriously—"

"No, he's only weak from loss of blood. I—I haven't seen him since the doctor left. I don't want to," bitterly. "Oh, if I can just keep it out of the papers—that's all I ask. Isn't there any way—"

Here the phone beside the bed shrilled out, and she caught Helen's arm with a convulsive, "It's another reporter—I know it is! You answer—I'm afraid to!"

"What shall I say?" bewildered.

"Say it isn't true—that Mr. Colburn's only ill. That it's an outrage for them to intrude like this!"

"Mr. Dudley of the Evening News is calling," announced the hall boy when Helen took down the receiver.

"He's downstairs," whispered Helen, her hand over the mouthpiece.

"Tell him I can't see him—I can't see anyone! Oh, they'll all have it—every paper will have it!" moaningly, as Helen gave the message. "And they'll have all the rest, too."

"The rest?" turning from the phone.

"How he's been drinking for months—the hall boys know how he comes home at night. I thought it would be me he'd try to kill—he's threatened it enough. Oh, yes, he's already killed

all the love I ever had for him."

"Love isn't so easily killed," ventured Helen gently.

"Oh, I know, I suppose I still care in a way. But you can't respect, much less love, a man after a scene like last night."

"Yet Mr. Colburn always seemed so quiet—so much of a gentleman."

"He is when he's not drinking—but alcohol changes his whole nature. Oh, if you knew," shudderingly, "what I've gone through in the last six months."

"I wouldn't think of that now," gently.

"How can I help it? Do you think I can ever get those scenes out of my mind? And last night—oh, I'm through—I'm through! Last night decided it! When he's over this—I'm going to leave him," passionately.

"I'm going to make my own living—somehow."

"That's very foolish," Helen stroked the hand that had clasped hers. "You know he wouldn't let you go off like that."

"What do you think he said last night?" her eyes ablaze. "That if I left him—he'd never give me a cent. He says that's his hold over me—that I'm afraid to leave him because I can't support myself!"

"But he never says those things except when he's drinking?"

"No, but he must think them. People don't say things, even when they're drunk, that haven't been in their thoughts. Last night he said all women were parasites."

"But he wasn't himself," pleaded Helen. "What he did proved that."

Then hesitatingly, "How—how did it happen? Was it right after—"

She nodded. "He came home in an ugly mood. I went to my room and locked the door—but he banged on it until I let him in. His face was awful. I never saw him so infuriated. He always keeps a revolver, but it's never loaded. I didn't think it was last night, until he showed me the cartridges. Even then I wasn't afraid—I suppose I didn't care. Oh, I don't remember what he said—but at last he left me and went back to his room. Then I heard the shot."

She shivered and caught her breath.

"I found him lying on the floor, the pistol beside him. Rosa and I got him on the bed and phoned for a doctor—it seemed hours before he came. Oh, it was awful, trying to stop the blood! The doctor stayed with him until the nurse came, and I—I haven't seen him since."

"Has he asked for you?"

"And you refused to see him?"

"Yes," bitterly. "I never want to see him again."

A tap on the door and the nurse entered.

"Mrs. Colburn, your husband keeps calling for you. He's exciting himself and his fever's very high. Won't you come—just for a moment?"

"Oh, I can't," recollectingly; "I can't! Don't ask me."

"I think you should," urged Helen.

A moment's silent struggle with her bitterness and outraged pride, then with slow reluctance Mrs. Colburn rose to follow the nurse.

Fifteen minutes—a half hour passed. Then the nurse came in.

"He's sleeping now. Mrs. Colburn wants you to come to the door."

Helen followed her across the hall to the darkened room. Mrs. Colburn was sitting by the bed, fearing to move lest she awaken her husband, who was now sleeping quietly, one of her hands tightly clasped in his.

Her whole face had softened. She smiled up at Helen, a tremulous uncertainty smile, that seemed to acknowledge her weakness, the weakness of love—not of dependency.

Very gently Helen closed the door, and, knowing that she was now no longer needed, went down to her own apartment.

On the hall rack hung one of Warren's overcoats. With a rush of emotional tenderness she buried her face in its rough folds, which held the faint man odor of tobacco and downtown soot.

From the wide flap pocket she had drawn out a heavy gray glove. Slipping her small hand into it, she wriggled the long unfilled fingers with a feeling of exultation at Warren's size and strength. He was so big and strong and virile—so wholesome and clean-habited—rubbing her cheek lovingly against the shaggy coat. She had never realized before how deeply grateful she should be that Warren was always that—wholesome and clean-habited!

NEW PARISIAN MODELS

UMBRELLA OUTLINE NOTICED ON THE LATEST SKIRTS.

May Signify Change in Forthcoming Styles—Lemon-Yellow Linen Promises to Be Popular—Smart Little Cherry-Red Coat.

Redfern is making some practical and attractive white serge suits for seaside wear. He has always been in favor of plaited skirts, but on some of these white suits I noticed the umbrella outline, and I found it admirable, writes Idalia de Villiers, Paris correspondent of the London Globe.

One model which pleased me especially had an umbrella skirt which buttoned up the front and which had large side pockets. The coat was half-length, with a shaped basque and a waist belt which buttoned on at the side seams. There was a plain roll-over collar and wide turn-back cuffs. Both collar and cuffs were caught down by ivory buttons and the coat was lined with chintz silk which showed pale blue and pink flowers on a white background.

Some of the more elaborate Redfern suits have pipings and buttons made of glove kid. This idea was successfully carried out on a large suit in hedgesparrow-egg blue, which was accompanied by a shirtwaist made of fine white organdie muslin. All the pipings on the coat and skirt were



Summer Frock of Lemon-Yellow Linen and Large Pearl Buttons.

done in hedgesparrow-blue glove kid and there were rows of tiny blue kid buttons on the front of the high-necked blouse.

Redfern seems fond of lemon-yellow lines, one of the most popular novelties of the present season. The Parisiennes are charmed with lemon-yellow linen and muslin and they have the costumes made of these materials finished with sashes in ivory-white or Belgian blue taffeta.

Lemon-yellow may be said to be the color of the season, for dresses and for hats. It is especially in demand for dinner gowns and for picturesque wraps which are thrown on over old-world muslin frocks. Cherry-red linen braided in fine black silk braid is another summer novelty.

I have illustrated a particularly smart coat made of this material which was to accompany a skirt of white linen embroidered a l'Anglaise. The coat was rather short and semitight, with a raised waistband covered with very fine black braidings. The coat opened over a white linen waistcoat which was fastened with ball buttons made of cherry-red enamel and there was an effective touch of dull blue in the lining.

Colored linen coats are the rage of the hour. They are worn over linen, serge, cloth and silk skirts, and in all circumstances they are decorative and novel. Pansy-purple linen, lined with black and white striped silk, makes a beautiful coat for wearing with white skirts. The same may be said for loose garments made of Joffe-blue or rose Dubarry-pink linen.

HOLDS THE BATHING DRESS

Bag for Conveyance of Costume Necessary for the Open-Air Ablutions of the Season.

With the warm weather, open-air bathing once again becomes possible, and in anticipation of holidays it is well to prepare a bag for carrying a bathing dress. It should, if possible, be made of some waterproof fabric. It is cut out in two pieces which are sewed together at the base and halfway up the sides; above this the ma-

terial is bound at the edges with braid. The opening of the bag is stiffened on either side with pieces of cane, the material being turned over and hemmed down and the cane run through.

The handles of the bag are made of cord securely tied to the pieces of cane and it will be noticed that there is one long handle and one short handle. The long handle is slipped through the short handle in the mantle.



Useful Bag for Bathing Dress.

ter shown in diagram A at the top of the illustration, and when the bag is so closed, it can be carried by the long handle and cannot possibly come open.

Initials of the owner or the words "Bathing Dress" can be roughly embroidered upon one side of the bag.

ONLY A HINT OF MILITARISM

American Women Have Refused to Go to Extremes in Styles—New Turban Models.

Though there was, before the Paris openings, much talk of the military influence in hats and clothes, it has been accepted, especially in suits, only in a conservative way. Today, the smartest tailored suit is much plainer than it has been for many seasons, for it has borrowed line rather than trimming of the military coats. The pocket and the belt have been adopted, to be sure, but in their simplest form.

Among the first spring offerings in millinery were small dark turbans trimmed with white wings in a rather daring manner and turbans with a light or white top, accented by a bow. The well-gowned woman has chosen these two models in preference to the more somber ones. Flowers are certainly worn and so are cockades of all kinds, but the bow on a dark hat is usually white or beige and the wings are almost invariably white.—Vogue.

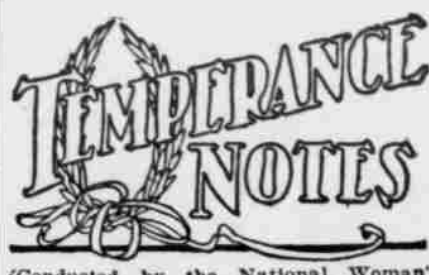
AFTERNOON DRESS



Afternoon dress of white net with a hand-embroidered border. Long sleeves of plain white net. Novel sash of knitted silk and different colored beads set off the dress.

Sewing With Two Needles at Once.

It will facilitate sewing to use two needles at the same time. In shirring two rows can be run in almost the same time as one, and in sewing a braid flat on the bottom of a skirt a saving both of the skirt (which is handled less) and of time will be accomplished by the use of two needles



(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

WE WELCOME YOU!
"A Greeting to Newcomers From Other Lands."

(This greeting, in seven different languages and illustrated with the American flag in colors, is given to immigrants landing at our different ports of entry.)

We welcome you to our great Republic! We welcome you to its free public schools; its free libraries and reading rooms; to the free picture galleries and pleasant parks of our great cities; to the vast grain fields and rich farming lands of the Golden West, to your new home—east, west, north or south!! While you will always love the beautiful flag of your own land, we hope you will also love our red, white and blue flag with its forty-eight shining stars for the forty-eight states of this big Republic, which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. This flag floats over free public schools, which are attended by thousands of boys and girls, who have come to us from other lands.

Perhaps you left your steamer feeling sad and lonely because you were a stranger in a strange land. If so, we hope it will comfort you to know and realize that every member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a society organized in ten thousand cities, towns and villages of America, is your sincere friend. We hope some kind woman wearing the little white ribbon bow, the badge of our organization, was the first to greet you as you stepped upon our shores. We wish we might take from your heart all its homesick feeling. We hope you will soon find a pleasant home in our country. Among our members there are many women from other lands and we cordially invite you to join us, and to help us increase the prosperity of our country, and make it a safer and happier nation. We should love to have the boys and girls unite with our temperance society for the children, called the *Loyal Temperance Legion*.

If you reached the United States through the port of New York, you rejoiced to see, as you entered the harbor, the Goddess of Liberty—the majestic figure of a woman holding aloft a flaming torch to enlighten the world. Yes, this is the land of true personal liberty; for each individual has the liberty to make the most of himself or herself and to become a useful, educated, upright man or woman. Some of the most prominent positions in business and government are filled by the children of parents who were born in other lands. They are the governing power in many of our large cities, and in some of our states. Thousands of Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, Italians, and men and women of other nationalities, now Americans, are enthusiastically aiding in our temperance work. When you have become an American citizen, we hope you will vote against the saloon and against the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic liquors. In many states, women as well as men, are citizens and can vote.

The headquarters of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are at Evanston, Illinois, but wherever you may make your home you will receive from those who wear the little white ribbon bow, a warm and true welcome.

A DRAWING CAMPAIGN.

A small girl went home from school at Ketchikan, Alaska, after a talk to the children by Mrs. Cornelia Templeton Hatcher, president of the territorial W. C. T. U., and excitedly announced to her mother that she was "going to sign the mustard roll." Mrs. Hatcher repeated the information to her audience that night and told them that the temperance forces intended to put considerable ginger into the campaigns for prohibition and the children would supply a "right smart of mustard." The combination would make a plaster that would draw every dry voter to the polls on November 4, 1916.

WHOSE BOYS?

Recent investigations show that two-thirds of all the drunkards contract the drinking habit before they are twenty-one years old, nearly one-third before they are sixteen, and about seven per cent before they are twelve. The liquor dealers know this, and for business reasons they must "create appetite" among schoolboys. One family out of every five must furnish a recruit for the army of drunkards or the "trade" must go under, and one wonders if the men who vote for saloons are willing to furnish their boys to help support them?